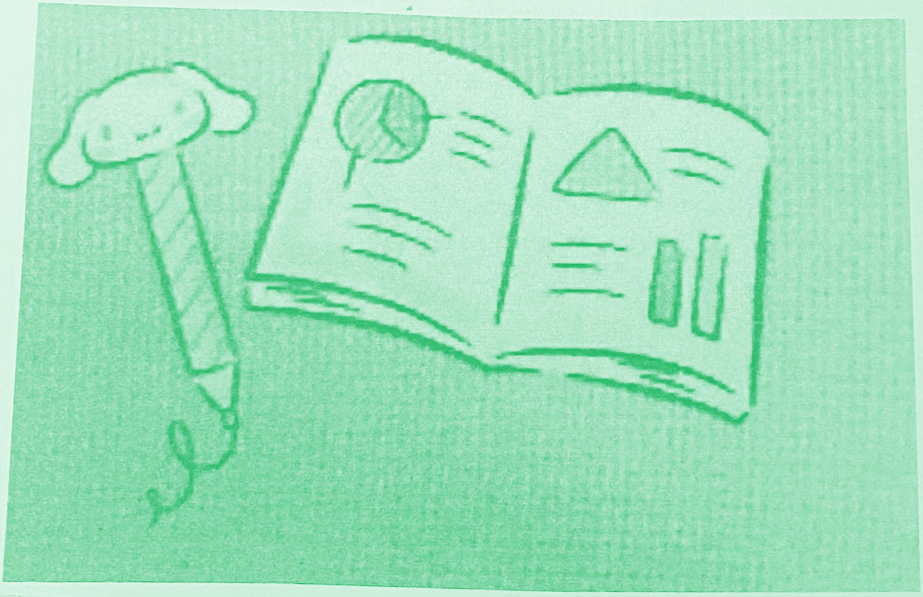
Mobile Data Mag

Sampler



Year One

WELCOME!

Well, I never thought I would have a journal housing writers. Well, I never thought I would have a zine. I shouldn't say I because this journal is a collaboration with Cinnamoroll. He was curious to do what Gudetama did with Chen Chen and I was available. Flash forward to present time where Nikolai Garcia spoke with Cinnamoroll about compiling a zine, especially after Cinnamoroll and I's recent talks about how to move forward from how limiting Substack is becoming for Mobile Data Mag and the looming reality of a metapocalypse, which would impact Systemic Dreaming on Threads.

We thank Nikolai Garcia and all writers published by Cinnamoroll and I from 2023 up until present time and the future. *Mobile Data Mag Sampler: Year One* focuses on select published work in 2023, when the magazine on Substack and Threads (which existed the moment Threads was born) was known as Lit Stack. This mag entered nominations for *Best of the Net, Pushcart, Best Microfiction, and Best Small Fictions* during Autumn.

When 2024 arrived, Cinnamoroll kept scouting for writers, and then we were hit with a message saying we must rename or else legal action will follow. Cinnamoroll and I fought over my abrupt decision to change the name, but ultimately we made up and he stayed on board with the mag's current name, Mobile Data Mag. When Andrew Liu and I hung out after receiving that message, we played around with names for the Threads mag, and that's how Systemic Dreaming became a term from Andrew Liu. Cinnamoroll loved it. Cinnamoroll keeps scouting for writers, especially nowadays for writers Garcia has met since 2017 or so. Please enjoy this read.

you haven't paid for a title

Maestro Gamin

SYSTEMIC DREAMING
APR 08, 2023

6 1 1

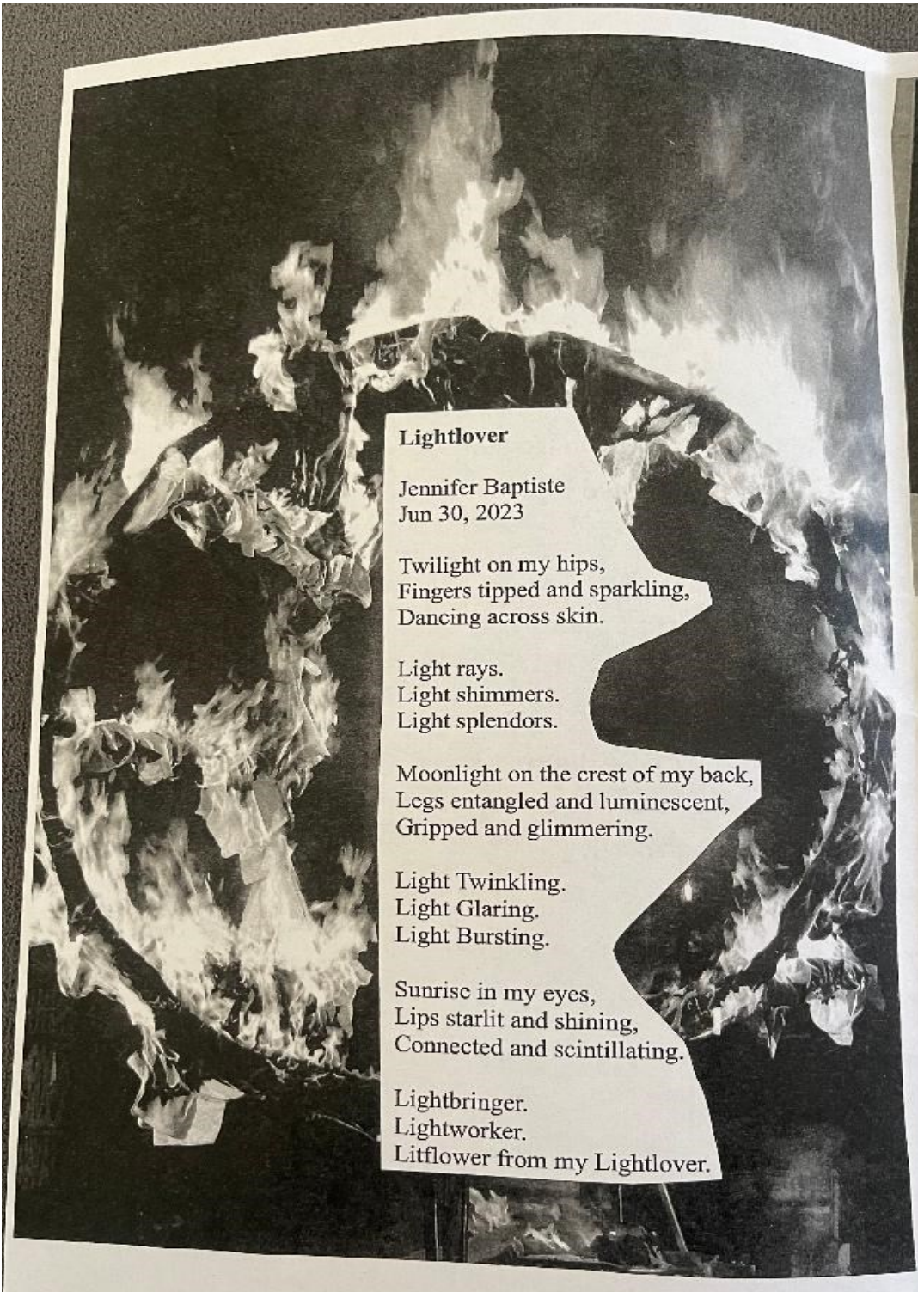
i don't have anything to sell
but mostly because i'm
not trying to

i don't perform anymore
but mostly because
i wanted to save my breath
in case i needed it later

eventually i pop up
forlorn
needing the ceremony
but not much more

maybe drinks after

6 Likes · 1 Restack



Lightlover

Jennifer Baptiste
Jun 30, 2023

Twilight on my hips,
Fingers tipped and sparkling,
Dancing across skin.

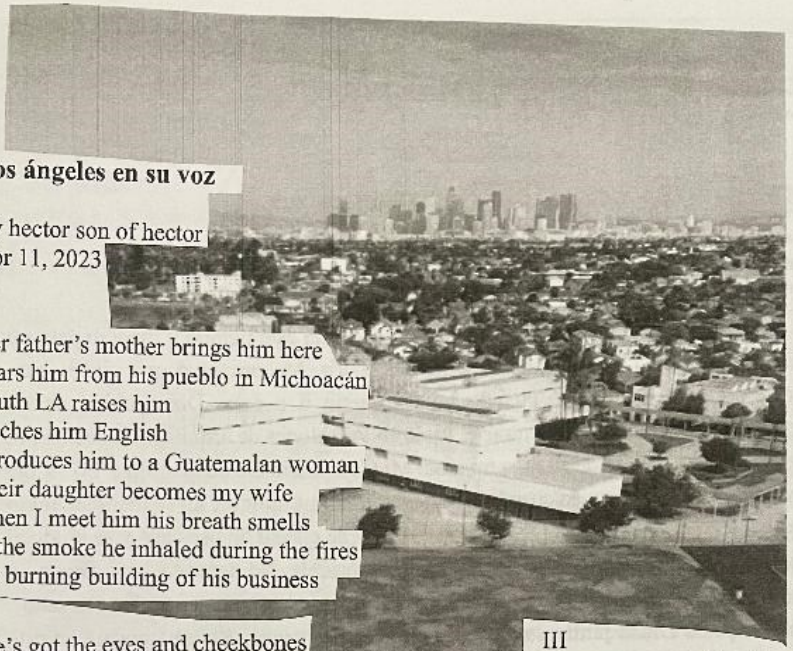
Light rays.
Light shimmers.
Light splendors.

Moonlight on the crest of my back,
Legs entangled and luminescent,
Gripped and glimmering.

Light Twinkling.
Light Glaring.
Light Bursting.

Sunrise in my eyes,
Lips starlit and shining,
Connected and scintillating.

Lightbringer.
Lightworker.
Litflower from my Lightlover.



Los ángeles en su voz

By hector son of hector
Apr 11, 2023

I
Her father's mother brings him here
Tears him from his pueblo in Michoacán
South LA raises him
teaches him English
introduces him to a Guatemalan woman
Their daughter becomes my wife
When I meet him his breath smells
of the smoke he inhaled during the fires
the burning building of his business

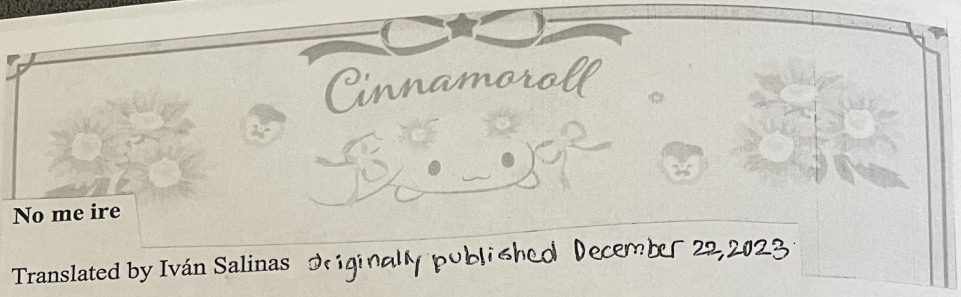
II
She's got the eyes and cheekbones
of Olmec stone heads
Daughter of Purépecha and Mayan kingdoms
lips like early morning flower petals
hands which never lose their warmth
skin that catches color from the sun

She lived her childhood
between rows of cared for lawns
on single family homes
and blocks of dilapidated
section 8 apartments
near the fires and gunshots
liquor stores and churches
the neighborhood never her's

Speech borrowed from
migration patterns of the city
Nueva España settlers
8 mulatos and 9 indios
black southerners
white midwesterners
ESL Chicanos and Central Americans
Their mano de obra
oscillating through time

III
She never reads Pynchon
or Wanda Coleman
to feel the riot

She just listens and watches
housing prices rise,
waiting for the fall.



No me ire

Translated by Iván Salinas originally published December 22, 2023

No me ire. Tú sigue. Me quedaré en este espacio. En este tiempo y espacio pausare por el resto de mi vida. Diana nunca iba a morir. Me prometió que viviría para siempre. Diana me acogió cuando yo no quería ir a casa. Diana cuido de las pertenencias de mi amigo mientras él vivía en los salones de arquitectura de la CPP. Diana dejó que hiciera de su casa mi casa. Mi viaje diario era de 30 millas. Lo reduje a tres cuartos. Diana nunca cuestionó quienes eran mis amigos, mi sexualidad, mi lo que sea. Yo era todo lo que Diana tenía después de que su hija se casó y se mudo al atlántico. Tú anda y despídete ante una cara impasible. No necesito ver a Diana no sonreír por obligación. No quiero oír —despierta, despierta, despierta, huesos secos. Los huesos de Diana jamás se volverán a mover. Tú sigue. Yo me quedaré en este espacio. No me ire.

Not Leaving

By Jesse Tovar (previously unpublished)

I'm not leaving. You go ahead. I'll stay in this space. This time and place I'll pause for the rest of my life. Diana was never gonna die. She promised me she'll live forever. Diana took me in when I didn't want to go home. Diana held on to my friend's belongings while he lived in the CPP architecture classrooms. Diana allowed me to make her place my place. My commute was 30 miles. I cut it in three-quarters. Diana never questioned who my friends are, my sexuality, my anything. I was all Diana had after her daughter got married and moved to the Atlantic. You go ahead and say your goodbye face to an expressionless face. I don't need to see Diana not smile on command. I don't want to hear "Come Alive, come alive, come alive, dry bones." Diana's bones aren't moving ever again. You go ahead. I'll stay in this space. I'm not leaving.

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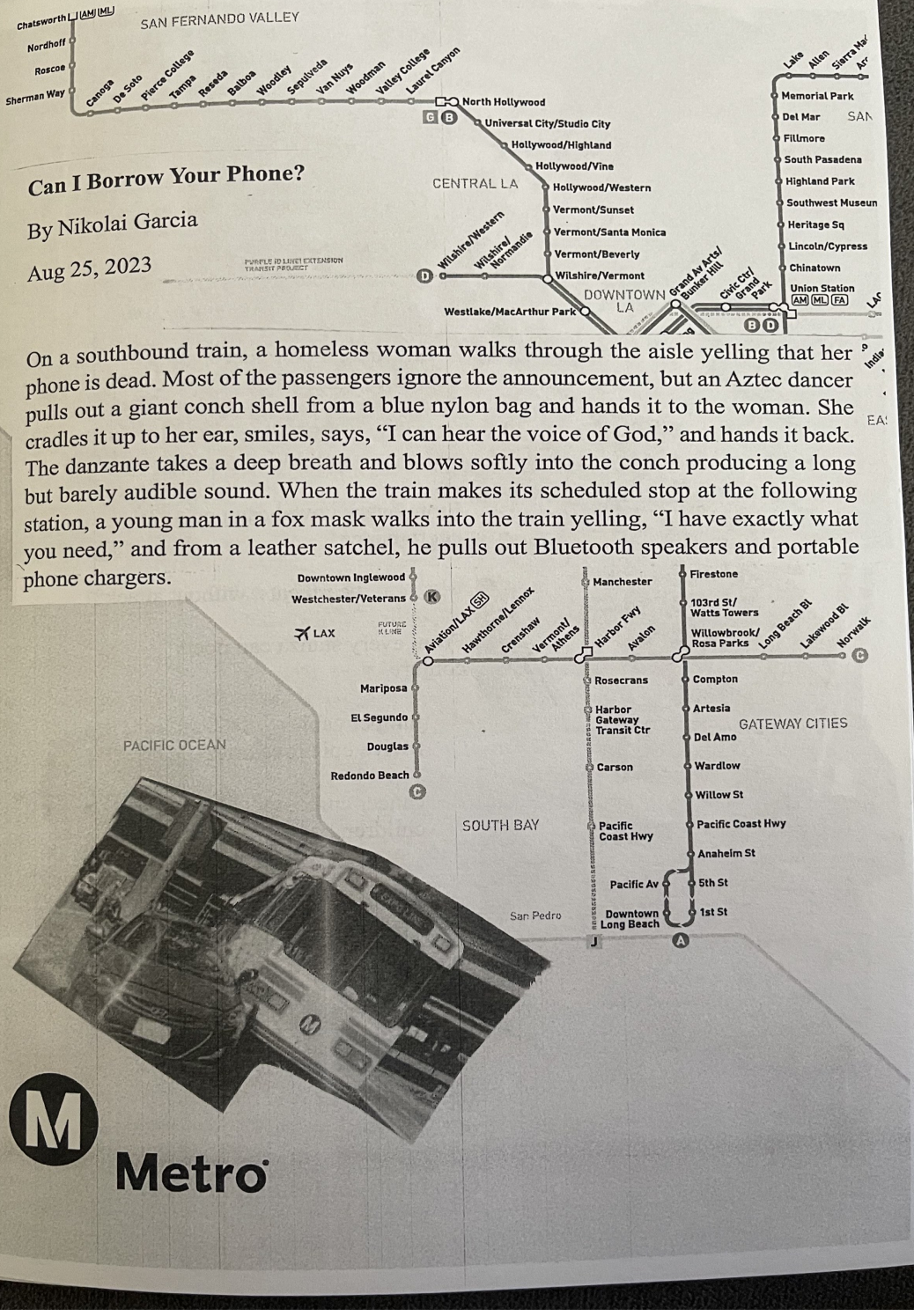
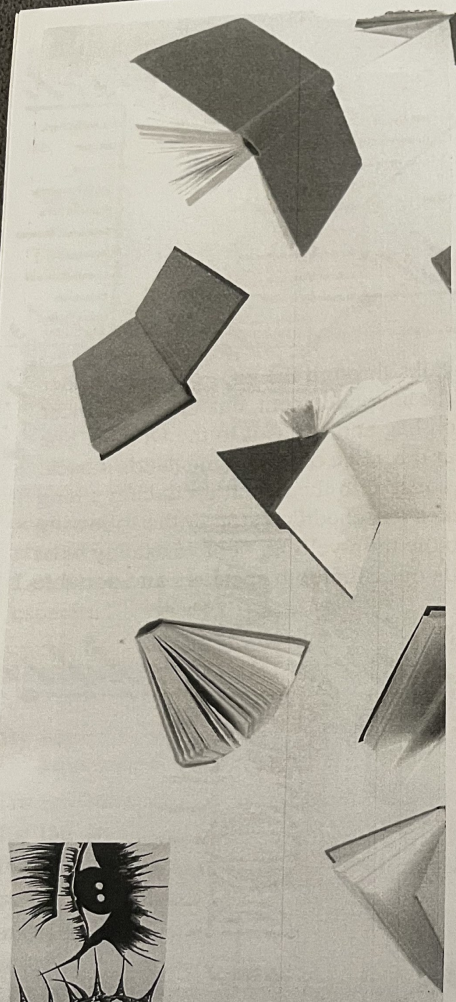
Can I Borrow Your Phone?

By Nikolai Garcia

Aug 25, 2023

On a southbound train, a homeless woman walks through the aisle yelling that her phone is dead. Most of the passengers ignore the announcement, but an Aztec dancer pulls out a giant conch shell from a blue nylon bag and hands it to the woman. She cradles it up to her ear, smiles, says, “I can hear the voice of God,” and hands it back. The danzante takes a deep breath and blows softly into the conch producing a long but barely audible sound. When the train makes its scheduled stop at the following station, a young man in a fox mask walks into the train yelling, “I have exactly what you need,” and from a leather satchel, he pulls out Bluetooth speakers and portable phone chargers.





Words are Tired

By K.R. Morrison
Nov 15, 2023

Guides, they say

Now
more than ever
make time to write.

Will words, their ghost
costumes, guardians
& poltergeists

spill blood onto the page?

From every vowel can poets
necromance

heartbeats, without attack?

From every stanza can poets
conjure

jumper cables
revive epic love cries

cancer cured, terror ended
children back from the dead

words are tired

of ignored lessons & eclipse seasons
summoning dead friends

words are tired
of genocides

Words are tired
of being tired.

Originally on Instagram @k.r.morrisonpoet

Urgent Care Poem

Mauricio "Soul on Fire" Moreno
Jul 27, 2023

Sterilized hands in nitrile blue
Beige drapes with symmetrical edges

The only color of life is the Blood-coated Biohazard
waste basket, a forbidden Red fruit
of short stories in bodily fluid form.

The nurse yells at Siri to set a smoke-break timer
Security escorts a patient for screaming at the nurse

I wait for the doctor to tell me I'm not dying
at least not any faster than normal speed

His diagnosis: torn gastrocnemius
Rest and a black boot

I ask if the boot can be made to look
like a peg leg

Laughter is not covered by my
insurance plan

This is a place of healing
I feel better already.

Everybody is a mask of God

Ingrid M. Calderon-Collins

SYSTEMIC DREAMING
AUG 29, 2023

♡ 6 1 1

when you leave me alone,
I stumble into the sunlight

a tiny god punctures the soles of my feet
I suck them until the foot
in my mouth is a metaphor

finding nutrition in filth--

I am
a well
antenatal--
a breeched poem
solemn in repose
embroidered with a putrid inclination that who i
am and how i am
is a chance at grace

Originally on Ingrid's Instagram @ingrid_de_lamatepec.

CONTRIBUTOR NOTES:

Jesse Tovar is the author of *Talks on Skinship* and *Church Scene.* He is the founder of Mobile Data Mag and Systemic Dreaming. @authorpopups

Nikolai Garcia is co-host of Trenches Full of Poets. His chapbook, *All the Sad Music*, will be released by DSTL Arts. @hellokommie

Maestro Gamin is a facilitator, writer, emcee, producer, and spoken word poet. @kingtrade_maestro

Iván Salinas is co-editor of Drifter Zine. You can find him on IG @el_ivanooo, or on the 405 to and from Venice. He lives in the 818.

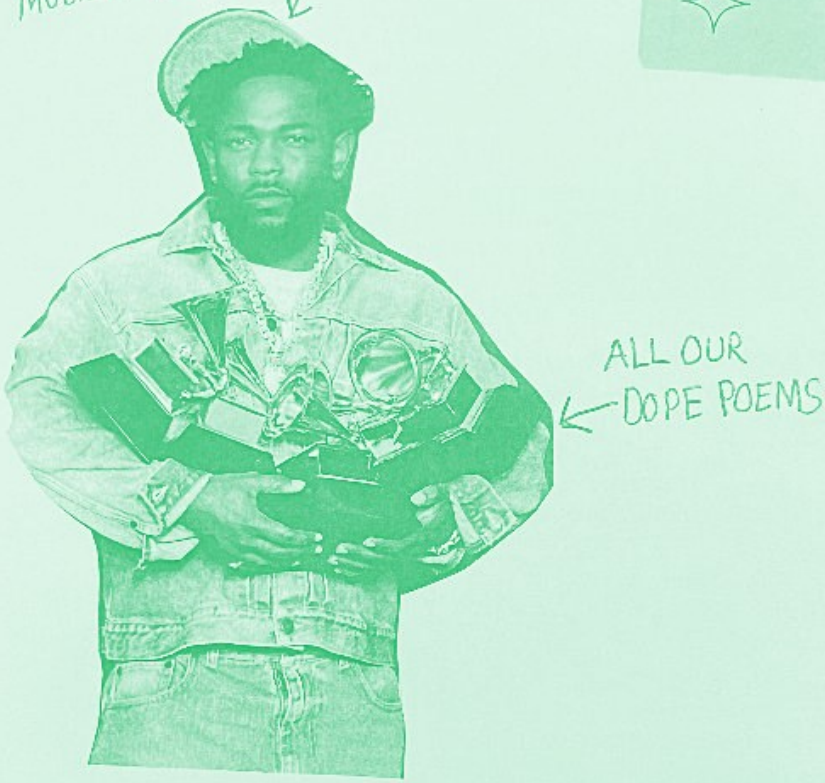
hector son of hector lives in Oakland, CA. He is the child of Mexican immigrants, currently works in a hospital, dreams of short stories and writes poetry in secret.

Maurico "Soul on Fire" Moreno is a first generation Colombian-American artist and writer, originally from Elizabeth, New Jersey. @soul_onf_ire

Jennifer “Miss B” Baptiste was born and raised in Texas and is an American of Haitian descent. Feel free to connect with her at @WheresMsB on all social media platforms.

K.R. Morrison splits her time between San Francisco and a place she calls Mermaid Town. Her chapbook, *Cauldrons,* was published by Paper Press Books. @k.r.morrisonpoet

Ingrid M. Calderón is a poet, oracle, collagist & the EIC of resurrection magazine She and lives in Los Angeles with her husband, painter John Collins. IG: @ingrid_de_lamatepec Substack: @notesofadirtyoldwoman



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For information on how to submit work to Mobile Data Mag, go to mobiledatamag.substack.com/p/submission-guidelines